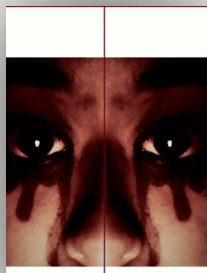




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Tears of Blood



👁 44 ✓ 7 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

Natalia had been depressed since age 11. She had twice contemplated and once attempted suicide 2 years later. Now, 3 years after that, 16-year-old Natalia wished she had gone through with her suicide years ago.

Yesterday afternoon, her older brother cataloged to their mother all of her offenses at school, consisting of talking to a boy, turning in an assignment at the end of class instead of the beginning, "mingling" at lunch, asking classmates for help with an assignment, and watching the weights class during passing period. She was grounded so heavily she could almost feel the weight of it crushing her. When she made the horrid mistake of crying, her mother confined her to her bedroom for the remainder of the day, with instructions to clean until it was perfectly spotless. That night her parents had spent an hour screaming at her, berating her for her grades in school. She was forced to do her older brothers' chores before bed.

As she went to bed that night, she finally broke.

In the car on the way to her brother's soccer game, Natalia couldn't help thinking back to the

previous night and what she had done. She almost couldn't believe she had taken a blade to her own skin, but it was surprisingly relaxing. She hated herself for doing it, and hated herself for having enjoyed it. Most of all, though, she hated her parents and, even more, her brothers. She never saw the bullet coming. It hit her in the chest, and her mother's head slumped to her chest.

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Chapter 2 by MaskedPayne45



Blood. Everything around her was blood. Her lungs filled with it, her eyes were coated in it. She crawled out of the shattered window of the car. The passage to her brother's soccer game came around a hill, and after her mother took a bullet to the head, the car went off course and nose dived towards the bottom of the hill. Smoke filled the air, and she coughed endlessly, her nails grabbing the grass and pulling herself along. "Dear god." She gasped, choking on the blood and spit in her mouth. "What's happenening" she moaned, before slumping to the ground, unaware of the figure walking towards the car.

The air was filled with warmth and it curled around her aching body. Natalia opened her eyes, struggling, like their was ten pound weight attached to her eyelashes, keeping her eyes glued to her cheeks. A sigh left her mouth and she took in her surroundings. Natalia felt very out of it and was trying to figure out what happened to her, but one thing she knew, there was no pain anymore. Anywhere.

The room she was in appeared to be like any normal bedroom, except there was no liveliness to it. It looked cold, pristine and empty. Her heart jumped when it landed on a shadowy figure and she shut her eyes, willing herself to try and sleep. "Natalia, I know you're awake." A deep, almost smokey voice brushed against her ears.

Chapter 3 by The Author



Startled I glanced around the room looking for the source of the smokey and seductive voice.

My eyes came to rest upon a young man with skin, the color of polished oakwood, hair black as night and his eyes, his eyes were a darker shade of black..... Velvety just like the night sky. Dressed in a black and white suit he reminded me of the modern depiction of the devil, handsome and seductive in a dark and mysterious way.

He was sitting on a plain grey chair across my bed, he left his seat and began to walk towards me. I felt like he was there to judge me. I felt the impending sense of doom that this strange man brought with him.

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"How do you feel?" he asked, his scent mixed with his voice made me think of old mysterious places along with the musty smell of smoke and cigars,tempting yet fatal."f-f-fine" I managed to stutter.

Then i remembered he had just killed the only family that I had ever known and I felt a burning rage fill my body,"YOU KILLED THEM"I screamed with emotion,he looked at me eyes filled with a strange emotion it looked like pity.

He was silent for awhile and just stared at me like I was an old acquaintance.Finally he spoke,"You called me without knowing it and I answered""What does that mean?!"I asked in desperation,"It means that you wanted them to die"

"No,no,NO! YOU'RE LYING"I screamed but deep down I knew that he was telling the truth,I had wanted them to be hurt,all of a sudden the deep rage that had filled me moments ago simply died out,like a flame that burned itself out,it left me feeling hollow,not even guilty just empty,like a big part of my being had just vanished.What he said next changed my life forever.

"They weren't your real family,You are an anomaly"

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